

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## MINOR POETRY.

**THE MASQUE OF DEATH,** and Other Poems. By Charles Lotri Hildreth. 12mo, pp. 168. Bedford, Clark & Co.

**A BOOK OF DISGUISES,** by John W. Chadwick. 18mo, pp. 250. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

**CHILDREN AND OTHER VERSES,** by Charles M. Dickey. 16mo, pp. 132. Cassell & Co.

**THE CUP OF YOUTH,** and Other Poems. By S. Walr Mitchell, M. D., 8vo, pp. 76. Houghton & Mifflin.

**IN THE NAME OF THE KING,** by George Klinge. 24mo, pp. 118. F. A. Stokes & Brother.

**DEATH'S DISGUISES,** and Other Sonnets. By Frank T. Marzilli. 16mo, pp. 55. London: Frank T. Marzilli.

**THE MERRY MUSE,** Edited by Ernest de Lancey Pieriss. New and Enlarged Edition. 12mo, pp. 227. Bedford, Clarke & Co.

**IN VINCULIS,** by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. 18mo, pp. 63. Scribner & Welford.

**A REVERIE,** and Other Poems. By Robert A. Cheesbrough. 16mo, pp. 89. New-York.

**POEMS,** by Richard Edwin Day. Cassell & Co.

**LEAVES OF LIFE,** by E. Nesbit. 16mo, pp. 185. Longmans, Green & Co.

**CHANGING MOODS,** by W. Hunter Birchfield. 18mo, pp. 245. Boston: Cappell & Hart.

The poem which gives the title to Mr. Hildreth's collection of verse is a protest against the barbarous intention of funeral observances. It is also one of the least poetic compositions in the volume, producing rather the effect of a rhymed editorial article. Mr. Hildreth writes musical and graceful verse on many subjects. His muse is not soaring, however, and pretty lines upon the regulation subjects, however smoothly turned, are apt to become cloying. What strikes us most here, as in the greater part of modern poetry, is the absence of inspiration and spontaneity, and the too apparent indications of labor. Yet these poems are above the average in polish and melody.

An eighth edition of Mr. Chadwick's poems seems to argue an established popularity which it would be useless to question. Additions have been made to the collection, which embraces a number of dramatic and emotional verses of the kind that appeal to the common heart.

Mr. Charles M. Dickinson made a reputation by his poem "The Children," which is in this volume rightly placed first. The other poems do not equal it in tenderness, fidelity or interest. That has the prime merit of naturalness, and it voices ideas which are the common property of the race. A strain of unaffected reverence characterizes this writer's verse, but he is decidedly uneven, and sometimes his poetry half deploredly.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has of late years sought fame in many fields that the world is not, to see him fail short of excellence, but to find how much real merit there is in his literary productions. "The Cup of Youth" is a rhythmic drama, the subject of which is indicated clearly enough by the title. There is decided dramatic force and a certain impressive vigor in this composition, but the characters are not clearly conceived, and that of Galosa is somewhat obscure, besides being wanting in attractiveness. There is another dramatic poem, entitled "The Violin," which is better planned and executed. Of the shorter poems, several are distinctly good, especially "My Chateau in Spain" and "Forget-Me-Not." There is concrete thought in all Dr. Mitchell writes, but a deficiency of technical skill, and also of that sensitiveness which is so emphatically a poetic gift, conditions and limits his work in this field.

It had enough when the spirit moves those who are without ideas to make verses, but it is something worse when to the death of thought is added ignorance of the laws of poetical composition, and a daring originality which confounds all measures and laughs scion to scorn. Such a verse-maker is Mr. George Klinge, of whom little can be said other than that his intention is good, his mood pensive and humble, his verses wildly irregular, and his reflections tame and platitudeous. Nevertheless we are disposed to give him due credit for the smallness of his volume. He might so easily have made it bigger, and so many of his tribe do run to quantity, that he is entitled to recognition for this evidence of consideration and self-sacrifice.

The sonnets of Mr. Frank T. Marzilli possess styling merit. They are marked by strong imagination, stately and graceful diction, and beauty of thought. The nine sonnets, under the head "Death's Disguises," are particularly beautiful. Those entitled "Hints from Pictures" are, perhaps, less satisfactory, because their significance is dependent upon the reader's familiarity with the paintings upon which they are based; but they are suggestive and picturesque. Of the miscellaneous sonnets we may name "The Last Metamorphosis of Mephistopheles," "Mizpah," the three sonnets on "The Soul," and "Orpheus and Eurydice" as especially good. In, if so difficult a measure, Mr. Marzilli has accomplished so much, high expectations should be entertained of his work under more favorable conditions; yet if he be the author of "The Gallery of Pigeons, etc.," it would almost seem that restraint of the most rigid character was necessary to the development of his highest capacity.

In "The Witch in the Glass, etc.," Mrs. Platt has given us a pretty little volume of the charming, tender song which flows so naturally from her pen. Melody, the voices and innocent questioning of children, all the tragedy and comedy of everyday life, touched to a noble key by the poet's fancy, characterize these pleasant, wholesome verses. They are also distinguished by a refreshing simplicity, made the more precious to us by the affection and eccentricity of so many modern versifiers. Mrs. Platt's poetry is spontaneous as the song of a bird, and sometimes it is as sweet and thrilling. Her child-poems especially are delightful, and no poet sees deeper into the childhood or expresses what she sees more faithfully and delicately.

Mr. de Lancey Pieriss has issued, under the title "The Merry Muse," a new and enlarged edition of the collection which originally appeared as "Society Verse, by American Writers." The additions are considerable, and in its present form the volume illustrates very fairly the talent for writing society verse which has been extending rapidly of late. So high is the average of these verses, indeed, that it is clear the European professors will have to look to the laurels.

"In Vinculis" records the impressions made upon the fiery spirit of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt by a term of imprisonment in Galway and Kilmainham jails. These impressions are cast in the form of sonnets, which the author—whose portrait, looking very fierce, adorns the volume—dedicates to "the priests and the peasantry of Ireland." The first lines of the opening sonnet are calculated to suggest a somewhat daring, not to say injurious comparison. Says Mr. Blunt:

"From Calaphas to Pilate I was sent,  
Who judged with unwashed hands a crime to me,  
Next came the sentence, and the soldiery  
Claimed me their prey."

This is decidedly strong, but Mr. Blunt deals only in large expressions and figures. There are sixteen of these gloomy sonnets, and in the last of them Mr. Blunt informs the world that he has made up his mind to "smile no more." It is to be hoped that he has reconsidered that fell resolve. Besides the sonnets there are some political ballads, all strongly emotional. "The Canon of Aughrim," the longest poem in the volume, is spirited.

Mr. Cheesbrough states in a preface that these verses were nearly all written when he was quite a young man, and were not intended for publication. They are notwithstanding as well deserving of the brief immortality of print as nine-tenths of the minor poets of the day, and they contain evidence that the author might have produced better things had he been less diffident.

The poems of Richard Edwin Day are very unequal, but the best of them unmistakably reveal the true poetic temperament. These are marked by an uncommon observation of nature, taste in the choice of figures and symbols, a free and spacious stretch of fancy, and an ear for rhythm.

"Leaves of Life," by E. Nesbit, is a volume of real and good poetry. The author has imagination, dramatic power, complete mastery of technique, and a facility and force of expression which enhance the effect of the verse greatly. The lyrical poems are remarkably impressive, and indeed the poems generally are of so high an order that we almost hesitate to class them sonnets—of whose sex we are ignorant—with the minor poets.

The author of "Changing Moods," Mr. W. Hunter Birchfield, writes smooth verse, and he has a certain aptitude for the composition of stories in rhyme. It is, however, a pity that he should hold down with such withering bantams upon the rock of minor poets, for he belongs among them, despite his pretensions. He has, which is well, the judgment to perceive that he has not the penetrative power to realize that himself is not appreciably increasing that little.

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